THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

An Epistle to a Flirt.

You are a witching creature, I confess,
With form and song of the Aphrodite—
And chance whose beauties I could scarce express
When I behold your sparkling eyes—now I write
Under a sort of philosophic spell!
And it is rare indeed or you, dear Bell.

I'm not in love with you, you charming girl,
Although I like to chat with you a while—
You have not been such a prisoner since
By your flirtations—then your spicy style
Of talking is a treat to any body.
As whether it was fate, or—a trifle,

I might have been your thirtieth victim. Well,
But I've seen scenes but of the world and women,
Have learned to paper and soothe, escape and quell,
To fold a shawl or arrange a trimming,
And do the thousand little things that court
Your ear—I'm not an up-start, Bell, at short!

You're in your glory, smiling, and a group
Of gay fair misses flitting here and there
Like moths around a candle, till they droop,
Scared from the spot, allured from no other reason, than to do good to others."

"Do not be frightened, fugit," Mr. Emory replied, "the ladies are not the only means of doing good. A poor man can often do more real good than a rich one, even where both are in the effort to render service to their fellows."

"I cannot understand how, Mr. Emory."

"Why, by the effect on the mind of the individual addressed."

"How do you do, Mr. Emory? It is some time since I had the pleasure of shaking your hand."

"Yes, it is some time since we met."

"A poem."

"Mr. Parmlee," resumed his visitor, "A meeting was held last evening by a number of gentlemen, to request you to be Appointed Library—"

"An Appointed Library!" ejaculated the merchant, with a changed countenance.

"Yes sir, no. We think such an institution is much needed here. There are a great number of lads whose moral and mental condition might be greatly elevated had they books access to good books."

"Certainly—certainly. You are right there, Mr. Emory. But—but—it seems to me that it is hardly time yet for pushing such an institution among the merchants. The amount given by the merchants for this was twenty dollars. Poor old Mrs. Jackson, whose condition is keenly excited his sympathies at our time, and for whose sake, no more than one occasion, he had anxiously desired to be rich, gradually sank under the effects of ill health, lack of nourishing food, and confined air, and within a few hours of his splendid dwelling, in the same house, she left life—poverty and—"

"Poor old creature!" he remarked, when the fact was mentioned to him by one of his children. "What is to be done for such a home is provided for the indigent and helpless."

Finally at an advanced age, Mr. Parmlee died, the wealthiest man in the community.

"If I were only rich enough," he remarked, about a week before his death, "I would endow, handsomely, an institution for the benefit of the poor, and especially the aged. Two hundred thousand dollars each was the portion of his four sons, and besides an equal amount to his widow. He left the bulk of the rest of his large estate to found an institution for the benefit of the poor, and especially the aged. Not a farthing of it was given to his own children. Whether he would be charitable without self-sacrifice, and how he was always putting far off his charitable deeds. But he was not to be judged by human standards. He had passed to himself, and that more found the day, when to act from any enlarged purpose of benevolence, would not involve some self-sacrifice.

Original Novel.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Ringwood the Rover.

A Tale of Florida.

BY R. M. BIRDSALL, AUTHOR OF "NORWALL," "THE BRETHREN," &c.

CHAPTER III

Well was it for the Spaniards, that the wind died away, which had brought into sight so rapidly the Spanish cruiser/or, for had the fair tall frigates, which, descried by the new breeze, were soon obliged to drop their anchors at the very entrance of the bay, four miles at least from the vessels of the pirates—been able to run in, among the shoals and reefs, they would have been, although they were in proportion to their rate and burthen, would have stood but a sorry chance, hemmed in as they would have been, by the lighter, and the armed corps at quarters / the hearty courage already in the water, and ready, at a word's notice, to be worked by powerful, and well-handled gangs / the captains of the guns, stationed each at his own piece, prepared with their broad axes to sever the strong cables at a blow, and let the gallant barques shoot seaward /

The sun had long since sunk into the waves, and the full moon had risen, and was shining brightly, from the place of the thick fog-wreaths—no stars were in the sky, for reason, "had in her variant intelligence cave," hung forth her other lamps in the dark vault, for clouds, heavy and packed and solid, had long since overspread the sky, though not a human eye had marked them, unveiling their forms, and the midnight hour, "still hour," had lifted out each light of the broad empyrean, from the horizon upward to the zenith. Midnight was / over it / with a deep, rumbling roar, on of ten thousand chariots rolling upon a strong causeway, rushed up from the land-wind; and, after filling the whole air for some short space, sank gradually down into a faint, sick moan —similar to are sound of earth, or air, or water. It passed, and so did the gallant barques—those swift and light-built craft, which, in Ringwood's unlicensed hour there were quenched instantly, in the fierce whirling breath of the tornado. Bearing on its mad pinions huge limbs from the tall, dark trees, and twisting them from the surface of the calm bay into a series of huge and unencapped billows, and anon sweeping away the heads of the tall, dark trees, and bearing them down into the bosom of the deep, till the whole bosom of the sea was one wide, white expanse of scattering, hissing spray—roaring and dashing—yet terrible in its fury, and magnificent in the tropical tornado! But every cable was cut short, before it struck the water, throughout Rover's squadron—the sweeps were out, and manned / the pirates were all underway and steering, when the firm blast fell on them, and they were already on board their light-built boats, leaving the Spaniards dispirited and faint and sick with hope deferred. Within a short half hour the whole land-wind was in full force, and it swept on, and generated but with hundreds of strong oars; and ere the sun had well accomplished, each pirateen had secured its position in the line of boats, and had its / oars in hands at quarters, ready for action.

When Ringwood found the lack of his fellaren, resolved that his capture should be converted without delay to his own private ends, he took to his perspective glass and gazed steadily and long toward the Spanish cruisers, and far beyond them toward the open sea.

"A sail!" he cried anon, after examining both sea and sky with extreme scrutiny—"a sail, coming in slowly from the seaward!—methinks! there!—signaller / the captains of the squadron to come aboard me here to council!—and with the word up went three balls in the masthead, and hurrying as they reached the mainyard command out for one moment three bright contrasted signals—the / Spanish cruisers, and rapidly did he shoot through, between each of the former round and round with his telescope, minutely watching every sign and symptom of the newcomer, fixing his gaze most constantly on a point directly starboard, where just above the two-pipe one small dark cloud with snow white edges was visible—quite motionless—and unconnected, as it seemed, with any trace of vapor, the single frown of the bright laughing heavens, the single frown, full of dread menace. Just to the / left of the small pilot-boat / came slowly on, like a huge / war-raid and he closed his glass, saying to himself with a quiet sigh of satisfaction—

"A third fox-hunt from the seaward—and when the second is fairly passed, a Barracuda and land tornado! Ha! Master Curmudgeon, he—killed on his second encounter—stepped on board, a handsome, fresh complexioned lad named Saxon, "Ha! Monsieur Le Fort—welcome, good friend!—welcome, welcome, friends all! / I have conveyed you hither, to study how we may escape our foes from these toils, that / we may not be worse than / the / Spaniards / before them. I hold the clue, my masters. See ye, how dark the summit is now gathering. The Spaniards must be still till more / sure of their / fish / perhaps / what / the bright / ripper / on / your / left / hand / will / be, and / then / we / may / be / able / to / steer / our / course / through / the / gloom.

Such was the desperate and daring feat, long famous in the master deed of naval warfare in that remote and early age, by which / Ringwood / became / one / of / the / fifty / pirates, the grandest of Spain's noblest cruisers, in safety and in triumph—losing no man, wounded or slain, and bearing off with him from the enemy his captive with him, and leaving to his baffled foes nothing but disgrace and disgust.

Ere long the hurricane subsided, but still the breeze blew swift and sure and steady—and swiftly danced the boats in their light / wake / as / they / sped / on / that night long the Rover paced the deck, but when the daylight broke over the foaming ocean / and when he swept with his / glass / the / horizon / from / the / north / to / the / south / he / found / that / he / was / not / the / only / one / dancing merrily behind him, and not a sail save their's / in sight, whether of foe or stranger, he gave his deck in charge to the next officer, and sought his private cabin, and his unhappy captive.

CHAPTER IV.

The cabin into which, with the break of day, Ringwood descended, was according to invariable custom of the / pirates / after / part / of / the / vessel, / and / equal / to / the / utmost / the / advantages / afforded / by / the / stern / lights for / cheerfulness / and / ventilation. In / other / arrangements, however, it differed not / a / little / from / the / similar / apartments / in / ships / of / war / or / indeed / any / other / craft. / And / with / the / same / neat / and / orderly / precision, were on her upper deck / which, / somewhat / in / advance / of / the / manner / architecture / of / the / times, was / pierced / for / twelve / guns / on / each / side / and / with / a / whole / interior / of / the / vessel / was / reserved, / free / from / the / encumbrance / of / the / batteries, / for / the / accommodation / of / the / crew / and / the / stowage / of / their / effects / and / provisions / and / as / to / subdivisions / were / not, / as / has / been / said / before / unfavorable / to / ordinary / practice, / it / will / not / be / superfluous / to / give / a / brief / description / of / their / fashion / and / appliances.

In the first / place / then, be it observed, that the cabin / companion / consisted / of / long / slender / shaft / the / mere / placed / about / halfway / between / that / spar / and / the / mainmast / which / in / extended / position / in / the / narrow / space / between / two / musket-proof / bulkheads / provided / with / loop-holes / and / embrasures / for / slant / of / bullets / in / the / event / of / an / attack / by / boarders / and / was / entirely / across / the / vessel, / there / was / no / apertures / except / the / shot-holes / above / mentioned / in / the / centre / of / the / cabin, / however, / was / a / low / steel / circular / grate / which / let / in / a / small / portion / of / daylight / from / the / deck / and / which / a / second / sensitivity / kept / guard / on / deck / by / the / companion / hatch / This / portal, / framed / like / the / bulkheads / of / timber / to / the / thickness / of / about / a / foot / and / pierced / for / a / passage, / running / fore / and / aft, / between / the / seaman's / and / gunner's / store / rooms, / and / through / another / strong / door / to / the / cabin / itself, / which / was / in / fact / a / room / of / a / more / regular / structure—/ a / likely / thing / it / were / that / he / should / tarry / here, / for / such / a / poor / temptation / as / most / of / the / pirates / were / to / the / ordinary / comforts / and / of / these / almost / miserably / execrations—/ Let / go / my / robe, / I / say / Mr. / George, / well / might / the / lieutenant / at / that / pale, / black-browed / beauty / overcome / the / virtue / of / his / self-control /

"Hold / hand, / there, / Anson"—cried / another / of / the / next / men, / that / which / is / sacred / to / thy / betters."

"Ha!" / he / / answered / the / first / speaker, / "I / repeat / her / but, / by / my / George, / I / have / not / your / delicate / scruples—better / one / Arcadian / from / the / arms / of / her / lady's / dame, / fall / prostrate / and / almost / insensible / before / her / feet—/ than / one / half / so / fair / / / the / longest / remembrance / / the / finest / recollection—can / only / lead / to / that—can / only / effect / ruin /"

As he spoke, / gaining / courage / herself / from / the / effort / she / made / to / cheer / her / fellow / sufferer's / spirits, / Flora / had / roused / the / half-unconscious / and / shuddering / girl / in / her / arms, / and / was / about / to / lead / her / toward / the / window / when / by / a / sudden / jerk / the / almost / extricated / dress / of / the / latter / was / torn / from / her / person / and / left / her / for / an / instant / in / the / arms / of / a / succession / of / fierce / rapid / struggles / and / of / furious / parrying / and / sobbing / till / it / seemed / that / her / heart / would / have / burst / from / her / bosom / and / that / she / would / have / fainted / from / exhaustion / and / fainting / at / the / mouth / like / a / demoniac / / /

"You know it then."—"Now God, I had not looked for such most sweet compliment!—nay, know it then, and deem it perchance a vain fantasie! I know me while you Spanish dames were gamesome, and something light of love, but I demand me, the man I am! to decry woman could be at ill, and not to wanton—but I honored not a Spanish damsel of thy blood and lineage should know herself, and knowing me consent to be the paramour of a robber—murtherer—pirate!"

"Nor do you know it now," replied she, by a violent effort maintaining that composure which she deemed it most likely to procure forbearance—"nor do you know it now—ten thousand deaths would I die sooner—nor would I be thus there sat—or!"

"How with thee help it, sweet one?" he asked sneeringly.

"By not consenting—and by dying"—force me you nare to vow vile will be brutal and unmanly violence—how me you may, for the body may that is perverted you, to your dire passions—but wrong is not dishonor, nor outrage disgrace! But for a little time—a little time can you torment me—the Lord hath a term to all power, and you must use it as you list—but only for a time."

"Believe it not," he answered; not unimpressed by the cool majesty of her demeanor—"Believe it not, my queen upon you to love—for ever at least here on earth! That which I make mine shall be mine in regard to death deliver thee—honest thou, girl I say, till death!"

"And I reply not Lucy!"

"To die, then wouldst say, yet? to die by the sudden axe-stroke is not difficult, not long, not painful, worth the counting! Nor is the prison rigor, though severer and more tortuous, too tedious or too difficult for high and resolved spirits—and such I do believe to thine, Teresa. Nay in good truth, to thine more so! for now, are the most cruel, most protracted means by which the flesh can be compelled to quiver through a living death to reach to the stubborn—to be meant be resisted they may last. But such are, mark me, resisters; to die is not so easy! an eye shall be on you for ever—no means unthought-of shall be left to assist me but we will reconcile thee to that life, which thou deemest it no dishonor to enter on compulsion—to die is not so easy!"

"Nothing is more so," she replied, forcing herself to go through the task she had imposed upon her energies. "Nothing is more so. The strongest frame may not endure a fortnight without sustenance—and neither there, with all the boasted might, will of the spoiled nymphoman can force one feeble girl to swallow one small mouthful, save at her own good pleasure!"

"Brave words," he answered, with a look of anger—"Brave words, Teresa! but behold!" then on the walls around you—"behold these implements of the well-landed pontes!—had the one feeble girl been so resolved on death, she might have died, these three hours gone, and none the wiser! Tush, girl, thou cheatest me not so!"

"Hear me," she said with an imploring gesture, drawing a little back, from him—"hear me for the last time, as there dost hope for mercy—as there dost trust in God!"

"I do not hope for mercy—I do not trust in God!" he answered. "Why should I? Mercy was not for me or mine, when I implored it on me knees with adjurations, some which the feeble powers are but as whispers to the sovereign thunder! God heard not me, when I called on him at my most extreme need. Why should I, girl—why should I! I do not hope for mercy—I do not trust in God, yet will I hear thee—hear thee, for that thou art a woman!"

"Hear me then, and believe my words—nor think that I feel not, because I shudder not—that I dread not, loathe not the prospect, because I make my feelings subject to my will, and speak of that most coolly which I will not endure and live. When first I entered here, the thought did cross my soul that freedom was at hand—the blade were lured to win it—but suicide is deadly sin—even if morally allowable (not in extremity. There was a hope! one, lingering, last hope there—but it is now quite flown now!—a hope that one so strong, so mighty, and so base as thou, wouldst shame to harm a woman!—a woman whom all men are bound to shelter and defend for that same weakness which makes it earthmates it most base and loathly of all things fiendly! Till this one hope is gone—I dare not rush unbidden on eternity. I have thought much—thought coolly on this matter—I do most, and the more certain hope I thereof, the more I am resolved, and the more certain mayest thou be that my resolve is changeless. Injure me, and I will forgive—but I will not forget. Wrong me beyond repair, if such be thy savage will, to the temptation, unfriendly forsake brute possession of foul tempting circumstance—for some least days of agony to succeed—and to thee and of remorse heedless! With those faint days —thanks to the mighty Maker, who made the subtle and immortal soul so separable from the gross mortal body! —with those faint days thy power for good or ill—and more for agonized enthrower, are at an end for ever! Cure, tears, and lamentations I know vain—therefore I use them not!—but even not then shalt win one favor of my weakness, till that be utmost favor and weakness you have overpowered me; must true resistance!"

"One word—one whisper from thy lips—and thou wouldst fly as eagerly to my embrace, Teresa, as now thou shunnest it," he again answered, with the same cruel sport for his—and she observed that his tones sounded calmer, and no longer with the hoarse broken intonations of overwhelming passion; and that the flush which had lit up his features, with a light so unnatural and appalling, had given place to the wonted tints of his complexion.

Not thou, that word could raise me into paradise—that whisper plunge thee to the abyss of hell!"

"What I were to yield time to the fire of my eye—to the level pleasure of you loathsome blackamoor!"

"Tis sin—vice—degradation—that is loathsome! nought else—nought else. Compelled to my embrace, I may writhe hopelessly in anguish—I may die here on earth, and dying here for ever in flight, and in the gloom everlasting! Complying I should loathe me very self—should the each day I loved! and perish, both soul and—perish, and for ever! But then would have no other moral motive—but a mere—a feeling, fiery passion—and may be a raising—yet a vain! Honor of woman, cradled upon a woman's bosom, nursed from a woman's breast! then had grown fair, and strong, and made by the tenderness of a woman's love! Honor from their later from a woman's tongue the very accents which gave voice to thy full thrice-strong against a woman's power! then last—then only—then would have called for, entreat for, done gallant deeds to win, a woman! and well then—with then now! well then! no! no! then will not—cannot nor would, one so weak in the frailty—so strong in her virtue—in her resolve as I! no! no! alone or in child, and the lip quotes—and—and—and—then will—will spare, protect—in God! oh God! then will not wrong me," and as she spoke, she flung herself down at his feet, clasped his knees in her light as the serpent's coil, with her entreating arms, and raising up her pale wan face, with those dark glorious eyes swimming in tears, and her lips apart, and quivering in agony toward the stern, obstinate, but no longer fierce or inflamed visage of the Moslem!—then will not—for the number of them that are the consequence of her wherein you first loved! then will not wrong me!"

"Not now! not now! not at least, Teresa! But I have loved thee first then now not. I have a tale to tell thee—of one as innocent—as beautiful as thou, who passed, as thou hast pressed for pity—who found it not, and died! Then then must hear—and then should judge me, if a cur be that I—I, the Rover—the world's worst and best hated—I, Reginald Kingwood, can pity, touch more spare Teresa de Aviles."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Aaron Burr's Daughter.

The melancholy death of Aaron, Burr's only daughter is known to all who have perused the life of that celebrated man. She eloped from Charleston during the last war for New York, and has never been heard of since. Her beauty and accomplishments, united to the wild career of her father, threw an interest about her appearing to romance. Many have built the sanguine expecting her fate; but the general impression is that she was lost in a gale of Hatteras. A newspaper story, giving a full account cause for her death, has been going the rounds of late. We do not know for what it is worth, not deeming it credible ourselves, since it looks too much as if some person tonged had written it to make a paragraph. It will be remembered that some years since the story was got up respecting a pirate sailor in Maine. The following is the story, from the N. O. Courier:

A gentleman from Tennessee old and valued friend, and one whose veracity is unimpeachable—informs us that an old sailor recently died at Matagorda, who made a full confession of a number of persons in which he had been engaged, and stated that he was one of the crew of the vessel which sailed from Charleston, with Mrs. Alston on board. When three days out, a consultation was held among the conspirators that the passengers should be robbed and murdered. The work of death was executed, and all were killed, Mrs. Alston being the last victim which was made to walk the plank. Her image, he said, was always before him, and he could not die without confessing the horrid deed. The closing scene of his life was horrible in the extreme—he raved with madness, exclaiming, "There!—there she is now!—I see her standing before!—away!—away!"

Many witnesses were present who can bear testimony to the confession, and we think there no longer exists any doubt on a subject which was long veiled in mystery."

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1842.

OUR MESS.

We give, this week, four more chapters of JACK HIGGLETON, and predict that our readers will enjoy a hearty laugh over the ball at Rooney's and the flight of Lord Ivy. Messrs. Carey & Hart, have published three chapters as two numbers, illustrated with designs by Phiz, representing Mr. Paul Rooney's introduction to the Duke, and Mrs. Paul Rooney taking a snack. We are indebted to the corresponding publishers for an early copy of the two numbers.

Important Notice.

In consequence of the disastrous state of the currency all over the west and south-west, and even in Pennsylvania, we are obliged adopt some rule in regard to the kind of money we receive, as of late we have been obliged in many cases to bar our subscribers with double postage by returning the money.

Hereafter when we receive notes of any bank in the United States, which are at more than *five per cent. discount here*, the excess of discount will be deducted from the subscription. This will be a small matter to each subscriber, but will, in the whole, make up to us many hundreds,—to us it will be a great matter, and we must insist on it, as the currency appears to be getting worse instead of better; a rule of some sort we must be constrained in order to enable us to publish a paper at all.

We append the following bank note list as a guide in the selection of funds.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.
No. 56 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 26th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW YORK.	
Philadelphia Banks	par	New York City Banks	par
Mechanics Bk.	40 dis	Tenth Ward bank	Guard
Mine. and Mech.	40 dis	North River Bank Co.	do
Manufacturers'	50 dis	City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Wyoming bank	50 dis	Merchants' Exchange	do
U. S. Bank scrip	33 to 50 dis	Wool Growers bank	Guard
Girard	50 dis	Bank of Commerce	do
Farmers' & Mech.	50 dis	Bank of Commerce	par
Germantown,	par	Commerce, at Chester,	par
Chester co. at Chester,	par	Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Farmers' bk. Reading	5 dis	Farmers' bk. Reading	5 dis
Farmers' bk Reading	10 dis	Farmers' bk Reading	10 dis
Easton,	par	Easton,	par
Northampton,	par	Northampton,	par
Lancaster,	par	Lancaster,	par
Farmers bk Lancaster	10 dis	Farmers bk Lancaster	10 dis
Lebanon	5 dis	Bed Bucks,	5 dis
Harrisburg	10 dis		
Carlisle,	10 dis	MARYLAND	
Columbia Bridge,	10 dis	Baltimore banks	par
Northumberland,	10 dis	Patapsco banks,	2
Miners' bk of Pottsville,	10 dis	Mineral bank,	5 dis
Wy. & Wyomborne,	15 dis	Cohen Jr & Bo's bank,	30 dis
Bank of Gettysburg,	10 dis	Hagerstown,	7 dis
Erie,	10 dis	Hagerstown,	7 dis
Williamsport,	10 dis	Williamsport,	10 dis
Towanda,	10 dis	Towanda,	10 dis
Susquehanna,	10 dis	Susquehanna,	10 dis
York,	10 dis	Franklin bank,	20 dis
Gettysburg,	10 dis	Gettysburg,	10 dis
Chambersburg,	15 dis	Millington,	10 dis
Waynesburg,	10 dis	Frederick County bk.	10 dis
Commercial bank,	10 dis	Broken banks,	
Bank of Middletown,	10 dis	Bank of Washington,	
Perkiomen bank,	10 dis	Georgetown,	
		NEW JERSEY	
Erie,	10 dis	Mechanics' bk. Newark,	
Bank of Montgomery,	10 dis	Farmers bk at Trenton,	3 dis
Bank of Delaware,	10 dis	Trenton bank,	3 dis
Chester Co. Bank,	10 dis	Camden bank at Camden,	par
Lancaster,	20 dis	Salem,	par
Farmers' & Mech. at Warren,	20 dis	Farmers' bk Cumberland,	5 dis
West Branch bank,	20 dis	Cumberland bank,	5 dis
Bank of Chester Co.	20 dis	Farmers' bk Burlington,	5 dis
Wyoming Co.	20 dis	Burlington,	5 dis
Georgetown,	2 dis	Manufacturing Co. at Mt.	5 dis
Farmers' bk Lancaster,	5 dis	Protection and Loanlaint,	do
Alexandria,	5 dis	Farmers' bk Flemington,	do
Bank of Alexandria,	5 dis	State bank in Trenton,	do
Mechanics bank,	broke	Farmers' bk Mount Holly,	do
Other banks,	par	Other banks,	par
		DELAWARE.	
Bank of Wilmington,	par	Bank of Delaware,	par
Farmers' & Mechanics'	par	Farmers' bk Delaware,	par
Bk of N. Brunswick, at mid.		Union bank,	par
Farmers' & Mech. at Middlet'n		Bank of Smyrna,	par
Washington Banking Co. at			
Franklin bank,	par		
Monmouth,			
N. J. Manufacturing Co. at			
Protection and Loanlaint,	do		
State bank in Trenton,	do		
Farmers' bk Mount Holly,	do		
Other banks,	par		
		ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois,	50 dis	Bank of Delaware,	50 dis
Other banks,	50 dis	Bank of Illinois,	50 dis
		KENTUCKY	
Bank of Kentucky,	par	Bank of Kentucky,	par
Other banks,	2 dis	Other banks,	2 dis
		INDIANA	
Notes,	10 dis	Bank of Indiana,	par
Exchange on New York		Other banks,	5 dis
Boston,	par		
Baltimore,	par		
Sources,			
New Relief Notes,			

Resumption Successful.

The resumption, begun on Thursday week, has been successful. We can say that the crisis is over, and the sound currency is at last restored to our city. Unless we greatly mistake, a sound currency will also be restored throughout the Union. The people have spoken, and they show a determination to follow up the example of Philadelphia and resume.

We have spent a happy week's paper, the excitement which prevailed in the early part of the week, and the consternation into which was made on what were supposed to be the weaker banks. The run commenced on the Bank of the Penn Township Bank on Wednesday. On the following day it was visited by a run on the Mechanics' Bank, which closed its doors at noon of that day. The Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank and the Moyamensing Bank, both of which were run upon, outlawed themselves until the usual hour of closing their doors.

In the evening the delegates of the banks met in general meeting. Much was said and much was done. Consonant to the city, and resolved to resume on Friday morning—the Philadelphia and Western Banks having in fact resumed already. Of the remaining banks, all accepted the provisions of the relief law, only the Girard Bank refusing, for every bidder against them. All the other banks, relying on a legalized suspension, so to them, at least, for five years, having extended their issues, and rendered themselves safe by such issues, but demands. These banks, in addition to those which had already stopped, were the Mechanicsburg and Manufacturers' of Reading. Both of which banks had obtained closed on Friday morning and have not opened since.

For some days there was much scarcity of small change in the city, but as we want is fast being supplied, by the appointment of agents for the issue of the Relief Notes are of 20 per cent discount. On the notes of the State, in thus depreciating these notes, we have been unjustly censured.

The country banks held a meeting at Lancaster, on the 19th inst. of the week, where several resolved to resume, while those which had resumed, and the provisions of the last law, expressed a determination to test the legality of the resumption law, at least so far as regarded them. The Farmers' Bank of Lancaster have already provided for the redemption of their notes in this city, thus placing them on a par with gold and silver.

There was no run of moment, on any of the Banks, after they had resumed specie payments. For the first two days they paid out but little more gold and silver than they received on deposit. Several of them were prepared, however, in case of the worst, to pay out dollar for dollar, for every bullet against them. The run was known and announced for the public confidence. So strong indeed, do they feel themselves, that they have ordered discharged their cannon.

Now is this all. Deaths on New York have been at a low standing for the last few days. The Bank of Commerce, Mr. Coghlan on the death of his wife. At the time of Mrs. Coughlan's decease, she was commuted, and attended by her daughter, Mrs. Coughlan. Since her death the state of the will must impair the provisions intended by the testator, for protecting and securing the estate, and Mrs. Coughlan's children. Mrs. Coughlan was the wife of Mr. Coughlan a life estate, in all the property devised by him, to Mrs. Coughlan, Mrs. Coughlan.

The trust created by the will is likewise prolonged and made applicable to the grand-daughter, Mary Coughlan, now Mrs. Stevens, subject to all the restraints upon alienation and encumbrance prescribed by the will, and the trustees can hold the estate, rents, income and profits of the same, in the same manner as they were authorized by the testator. In New York, Boston, and New Orleans, especially, stoppages are daily occurring.

Late from Africa.

By the arrival of the Nancabray at Salem, the intelligence of the safe arrival of the Ashmead Africans is particularly given. They were landed on the 18th at Freetown, with the missionaries, all in good health. The Rev. Thomas Ashmead writes the following letter:

It is stated that for over Nassau was in a state of confusion by the discovery of a conspiracy of many negroesses on the persons and property of the merchants in this place, they have made repeated calls on the French governments, and there are now in front of the royal mail packet two French menof-war, demanding of his Majesty satisfaction for past offences, and to enter into a treaty for future good treatment of French subjects. They have given the King forty-eight hours to comply, or war is declared. In case of a final refusal, I learn that there will be blockaded and prisoners made of all his Majesty's (subsect) subjects.

Puseyism.

The Oxford Tracts have attracted much attention of late, and we have more than once been solicited to explain their purport. We intended, however, in the discussions of our subject with. We have consequently remained silent. As many, however, feel a curiosity to know what are the doctrines set forth by Dr. Pusey, and his Oxford brethren, we give the following synopsis of them, by a correspondent of the National Intelligencer. He says, "one of the most important movements which has taken place in the Established church of England, is now in operation. I allude to the rapid spread of what is called PUSEYISM among the members of the church. The promulgation is silent, but it is among the most talented, and in some cases the most influential, of the Episcopalian ecclesiastical sons of Episcopacy. The leader in this new reform are Dr. Pusey, Hebrew Professor in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church; Mr. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's in Oxford; and Mr. Keble, the late Professor of Poetry in that University—all men of great talent, and of no ordinary range of mind.

"These men, and many others who have espoused the cause, are actively engaged in printing and distributing what they term the *Oxford Tracts*. These are slowly but about ninety in number, and advocate the following doctrines: That tradition is equally authority something unwritten handed down from the apostolic times) is no less from God than the Bible, and that Scripture and tradition together are the rule of faith. That the sacraments, not preaching, are the only means of grace. That none are justified but in baptism. That all baptized infants are regenerated, and therefore heirs of God and of heavenly justification, but justification precedes faith, and that baptism ceases faith.—That if a man sin more than once after baptism, he can never be renewed unto life.—That the Lord's Supper may be administered to dying, unstable persons, and even to infants. That ministers in the Apostolical succession have the gift of making bread and wine the body and blood of Christ, that they have the power to offer it up as a sacrifice to them. That the church of Rome is a true church; but that all the Protestantism churches, such as the established church of Scotland, the Presbyterian churches in England, and the Reformed churches on the continent, are no churches; consequently, their ministers are no ministers, and their sacraments are unavailable. That it is contrary to the teaching of Scripture to bring forward the atonement explicitly and prominently on all occasions. That the church of England nowhere examines her children from praying for their departed friends. That the rome is a sacrifice for the sins of the dead; and that the priest and good men, whom the Protestant world have hitherto dignified with the title of Reformers, and hailed as benefactors to their race, are *bad Reformers, so called*. The Oxford Tracts also maintain that the "Bishops are Apostles to us; Christ's figure and representative, and we are upon earth in their room, like a crown tongue, like as of fire." The Dissenters are called a rout, and ranked with the most apprehensive and dangerous. Such are some of the doctrines which are put forth by these men, and they meet with the partial support of a great many who esteem as the entire length but adopt them in part, both in belief and practice, each according to his measure of credulity."

We are not to be much surprised at the views of Dr. Pusey. He is a fellow of Oxford, and has spent his days dreaming amid her cloisters and poring over antiquarian literature, and has become familiar with the doctrines of bye-gone centuries. Those who will take the trouble to peruse his writings will see that he is drawn constantly toward anything poetic, or backward by venerable associations. He and his confederates are in 1842, but *out of it*. They are more than ever out of humanity such as it now is, than a knight of old would be a specimen of a soldier of today. The doctrines of Dr. Pusey find completely his level in the Established church of this country, and for the same reason. Those who do advocate his views in the United States have generally been almost as much out of date themselves. The popular mind can never adopt his ideas.

The doctrines of Dr. Pusey have been said to have caused the chasm of the Tiber. We alone abstract and show how far this opinion is correct.

Santa Fe Prisoners.

Mr. Lumsden, one of the editors of the Picayune, who went to Texa City to procure the release of his associate in the Santa Fe expedition, Mr. Kendall, has returned, full attempt to obtain the enlargement of his friend, whom he left a sick prisoner on a filthy hospital. Although Kendall is first released in the Texan Congress, Mr. Faulkner, was released the instant he reached Mexico. What is our agent—Mr. Ellis about? Surely our citizens ought to be protected.

Mr. Faulkner corroborates the narration of young Cooke touching the cruelties to which the prisoners were treated. A correspondent at Mexico writes thus:

"I have purposely delayed speaking of the Texian prisoners from the Santa Fe party, that I might ascertain more on their treatment, condemned to chains and labor like common convicts; they are still huddled together in the same prison, and have not been allowed the privilege of a walk in the dreary and the sewers of the city. I am happy to be able to inform you that despite their cruel condition, upon the part of the Texian, the good citizens grieve yield, neither the officials arising from the treatment of the prisoners. Even the soldiers, charged with their labor, the severity of their confinement, at the dispersion of their spirits under those accumulated ills, have manifested many delicate attentions to them. On the arrival of the prisoners from the city of Mexico, the Texian Bank, who were resentin at the hospital of San Antonio, a large proposition having summoned their health, have been removed to their companions in their chains, and their sufferings.

The few remaining sick among whom are our countrymen found Kendall, and Dr. Whitaker, have been transferred to San Luizan, the Lepers hospital. After a certain period of months which have elapsed since the arrival of the prisoners at Perdila, where all have been carried are employed paving the road at its entrance and exit from that city; the poor Texians have already provided for the severity of their confinement, except the stomach of being no longer chained to Mexican criminals. Those at Perote, where there are the worst of the prisoners and treated with more commiseration. The governor of Manufacturers of the Mexican Republic, both of which banks has in his government to mediate, as far as in his power, the evils indispensable from the position of those under his charge.

The Vera Cruz papers contain a correspondence between General Hamilton and the President of Mexico, Santa Anna, and between Col. Bee and Gen. Woll, respecting the possibility of making peace between Texas and Mexico. Santa Anna refuses to make peace and declares the exile and extinction of Mexico to conquer Texas.

Capt. Schenly Foiled.

The redoubtable Capt. Schenly, who eloped with Miss Coghlan, for the purpose of obtaining control of her fortune, has been foiled by the prompt action of our city authorities. He married Miss Coughlan last week, and left not be disappointed; but if his motives were unnecessary he will use the day he attempted to cajole a rich widow lady out of her property. He called at the office of Hora of Pittsburg, by will, dated September 15, 1819, devised an immense property to James S. Ross, H. L. Pittsburg, and Mrs. Ann Ross, wife of James S. Ross, for the benefit of her daughter, Mary O'Hara, who after the death of the testator, married Mr. William Coughlan, late father of the now Mrs. Schenly.

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Mr. Giddings Censured.

It will be remembered that several Congressional news, that Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, has been censured by the House of Representatives, for presenting a series of resolutions in relation to Texas, which were said by Mr. Cushing, of Mass. to be an argument for the British side of that question, and to approximate to a treasonable view of his subject. We have given the resolutions in full, so that every one may judge their character dispassionately. Mr. Giddings was not heard in his defence. The vote on Mr. Glossbrenner's motion was 125 to 69. Immediately on the passage of the vote of censure, Mr. Giddings left the Hall, his intention being to resign, and seek a re-election at the hands of his constituents. Verily these are troublous times.

We censure the resolution of censure and preamble.

Whereas, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, the member from the 14th Congressional district of the State of Ohio, has the day presented to this House a series of resolutions touching the most important interests connected with a large portion of the Union, now a subject of negotiation between the United States and Great Britain of the most delicate nature, the result of which may essentially involve this nation, and perhaps the whole civilized world: and

And whereas it is the duty of every good citizen, and particularly every accredited agent and representative of the people to discountenance all efforts to create excitement, dissatisfaction, and division among the people of the United States, at such a time, and in such a way as circumstances, which is the only effect to be accomplished by the introduction of sentiments before the legislative body of the country, which are well calculated to weaken the confidence reposed by the people in their representatives, and delicate trust.

Therefore be it resolved unanimously and moreover that the House holds the conduct of the said member as altogether unwarranted, and unwarrantable, and deserving the condemnation of the people of this country, and of this body in particular.

Horrible Parricide.

The "Spirit of the Times," published at Batavia, Genesee county, New York, gives the following particulars of a most horrible murder committed near Byron, on Wednesday last, the 16th inst.—

"A young man by the name of Benjamin T. White, has been living for some years past with a widow lady named Lucy Ann Bryon, as husband and wife. On Wednesday last, the 16th inst., White was left alone in the house with the widow's son, a lad about six or seven years old, and who was the only witness to the horrible deed. The young man then made for the woods but was pursued by a number of citizens and arrested in three or four hours. He confessed the deed, and stated to one of his captors he said, 'I don't know whether I killed the old man or not, but I meant to—I took good aim.'"

White and Mrs. Bryon were known to his father last winter, which abounds in more abusive, outrageous, and impious language than I ever saw condensed into an equal space. He (White) was about 21 years of age. The boy who witnessed the murder, is the only

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

This matter is becoming one of commanding interest, and may yet eventuate in a war betwixt the United States and England. Our Government, it is rumored, has ordered out a squadron to the Coast of Africa, for the double purpose of suppressing the slave trade, and protecting our vessels from being searched. The matter looks squally. Under such circumstances every one will naturally be anxious to understand the question at issue betwixt this country and Great Britain. To oblige our readers we give the pamphlet of Gov. Cass, which, on its publication in Paris, had the effect, as we noticed last week, to prevent France from ratifying the Convention with England and the other powers, respecting the Right of Search. We publish it mainly because it reviews the whole ground of controversy.

Gov. Cass' Pamphlet

AS PUBLISHED IN FRANCE.

An Examination of the question, now in discussion between the American and British Governments, concerning the RIGHT OF SEARCH. By an American.

WHEN WE BOUNTED, WE TOOK THE TRICK.
London Times, Jan. 1842

The right of maritime search, now in discussion between the British and American Governments, is a grave question, practically interesting to all nations, to whom the freedom of the sea is dear; if not in its application to the subject, which has been the cause or the pretext of its assertion, at any rate, from the consequences to which its use or abuse may lead. Its connexion with the African slave trade is but incidental, and the nature of that traffic which no where finds advocates, cannot affect the nature of this question: nor the right of a state nor of a combination of states to make an interpolation into the law of nations, which shall become a part of that great public code. [illegible]

[illegible]

dents, which occurred during those stormy periods. And the complaints were not confined to the conduct of one of the belligerent powers, though one from the number of its cruisers, if for no other cause, was much more injurious to the American commerce than the other.

We speak of all this as an historian, but we speak of it as an historian holding up the past as a warning, and predicting that the future will bring with it the same consequences, if the same causes are put in operation. The Journal the "Scotsman" is perfectly correct in its appreciation of the American feeling, when it says, "We have little doubt, that the arrogant and indefensible right of search, claimed by Great Britain in the last war, lies at the bottom of the stubborn hostility of the Americans to the reasonable propositions of our government."

But again, this claim is liable to serious abuse, because there are strong temptations, both national and individual, to pervert the professed objects of the search into others, which, though not avowed, are apparent; and because the remedy is distant, expensive, and doubtful.

The commerce of Africa is already important, and is becoming more so every day. The very suppression of the trade in human beings will tend obviously to turn industry and capital into other branches of employment. England is now exploring the interior of that great continent, and with her intercourse with the native tribes, and preparing new means of communication, who can doubt, but that English cruisers, stationed upon that distant coast, with an unlimited right of search, and discretionary authority to take possession of all vessels frequenting those seas, will seriously interrupt the trade of other nations, by sending in their vessels for trial under very slight pretences, and in fact under no real pretences whatever. For we must not lose sight of one of the most important elements in all this controversy, which is, that the mere appearance of a merchant ship in those regions is *ipso facto* suspicious. This is the very ground work of the English pretension; the right as her government now contends, to ascertain by actual examination, the true character of every vessel found in "certain latitudes," which are assumed to be suspicious, as the quarantine regulations pre-suppose many regions to be always pestiferous. Under these circumstances a boarding officer stimulated by that reward which a successful capture always brings with it and by a determination, which may not be uncharitably charged to him, of favoring the trade of his own country, and of discouraging that of another, will readily believe or affect to believe, not that there is just ground to suspect the destination of a vessel, that her very appearance upon his cruising ground furnishes, agreeably to these new institutes, but that the redeeming circumstances about here are not sufficient to establish that her cruise is a lawful one, or that she is entitled to the national character she claims; and that she must be sent to a Court of Admiralty [illegible]

[illegible]

(To be Concluded.)

Congressional News.

[illegible]

Legislative News.

[illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

[illegible]

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 3d to the 12th March.

[illegible]

Sales of Stocks.

[illegible]

Philadelphia Market.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Health Office, March 19, 1842.

INTERMENTS
In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 12th to the 19th of March.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	26	33
Congestion of Lungs,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	2
Colic, Painters',	1	0	——Breast,	0	1
Croup,	0	2	——Larynx,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	16	2	——Œsophagus,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	7	Inflammation of the Heart,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	1	——Pleura,	1	0
——Head,	0	3	Marasmus,	0	2
——Breast,	2	0	Malformation of heart,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Measles,	0	1
——Heart,	0	2	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Old Age,	5	0
Drowned,	2	1	Ossification of Heart,	1	0
Fever,	1	1	Palsy,	1	0
——Catarrhal,	0	3	Rheumatism,	1	0
——Typhus,	2	0	Small Pox,	2	3
——Scarlet,	1	4	Still Born,	0	9
Gangrene of Feet,	1	0	Teething,	0	1
Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2	Ulceration of Intestines,	0	1
——Bronchi,	1	1	——Rectum,	1	0
——Lungs,	2	4	Unknown,	1	1
——Stomach,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	2
Carried over,	35	33	Total, 109	51	58

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 0 from the country, and 20 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
March 13,	40	50	48
14,	40	45	46
15,	45	49	45
16,	38	46	55
17,	48	58	61
18,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

[illegible]

OUR MESS.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

A TUSSLE TO AN EVENING.

A bad, like a battle, has its critical moments: that one short and subtle point, on which in trembling his world seems to hesitate, ere it incline to this side or that. In both, oath is the time for premeditation, under itself; and of this my friend O'Grady seemed well aware; for, calling up his whole resources for an effort in force, he stood strong upon the hind legs and my many minutes the fore-paws. "Tiger" of the instruments uttered that the ball had been stranded in.

"Right side, sir!" — "Hands across!" — "Here we are!" — "This way, Peter!" — "Ah! captain you is a droll creature!" — "Now, steward, where's the wine?" — "That angle of mighty strong!" — The Lord great the house is — !"

Such and such like phrases broke around me, as, under the orders of the irresistible Phil, I shuffled down the middle with a stranger little schoolgirl, with red hair and red shoes; which added to her capering motion, gave her a most unhappy resemblance to a cock fairy.

"You are a trump, Jack," said Phil. "Never give in. I never was in such spirits in my life. Two bottles of champagne under my belt, and a check for three hundred Pond has just given me without a scrape of my pen: it might have been five, if I had only had presence of mind."

"Where is Miss Bellew, all this time?" inquired I.

"I only saw her for a moment: she looks saucy, and won't dance."

My pride, somewhat stimulated by a fact which I could not help suspecting in Miss Bellew's temper, went through the room in search of her, and at length discovered her in a boudoir, where a slight party was assembled. She was sitting upon a sofa, beside a tall venerable-looking old man, to whom she was listening with a semblance of the greatest attention as I entered. I had some time to observe her, and could not help feeling struck how much handsomer she was than I had formerly supposed. Her figure, slightly above the middle size, and most graceful in all its proportions, was, perhaps, a little too much disposed to *embonpoint*; the character of her features, however, seemed to suit, if not to require, so much. Her eyes of deep blue, set well beneath her brow, had a look of sureness in them at that entered thought; but the other features relieved by their graceful softness that strong expression; and a nose short and slightly, very slightly retroussé, with a mouth, the very perfection of eloquent and winning sullenness, made magic marvels to those who prefer charms purely feminine to beauty of a severer character. Her hair, too, was of that deep auburn through which a golden light seems for ever playing; and this, contrary to the laws of the day, she wore simply braided upon her temple and, cheeks, making the real contrast of light and shade disagreeing, by this graceful concession to the chief embellishing of her features.

Let me add to this, that her voice was low and soft to all its tones; and, if the provincialism with which she spoke did at first offend my ear, I had learned afterwards to think that the breathing intonations of the west to a charm of their own to all but those who deepening the pathos of a simple story, or heightening the drollery of a merry one. I, no, laugh if you will, yet laugh-bred and high-born denizen of a richer sphere, whose ear, attuned to the rhythm of Metastasio, softly borne on the measure of Racine, and Voltaire, takes the intonation of your native tongue as the everyday concerto of talk, smile if it so please you; but from the lips of a lovely woman, a little, a very little of the brogue is most seductive. Whether the subject be grave or gay, whether mirth or melancholy be the mood, like the various tooth upon a harp, it brings out all the color into strong effect, heightening the light, and deepening the shadows, and thus, sometimes, by a single word, it changes a simple sentiment to that, that appeals equally to your heart as your fancy.

Seeing that the conversation in which she was engaged seemed to engross her whole attention, I was about to retire without addressing her, when suddenly she turned round, and her eyes met mine. I accosted me came forward, and, after a few of the commonplace civilities of the moment, said to her, in a low tone,

She said something in a low tone, which he motioned to reply: the only words which I could catch—"No, no; very different, indeed—this is a most proper person—steward, so they were accompanied by a suite of much kindness, in some way to concern me; and the next moment Miss Bellew took my arm and accompanied me to the ball-room.

As I passed the arch where the duke and Mr. Rooney were still seated, his grace nodded familiarly to me, with a gesture of approval, while Mrs. Paul clasped both her hands before her with a movement of ecstacy, and seemed as it stood to bestow upon me a maternal blessing. For fear of incurring a worse, Miss Bellew hastened on, and, as her arm trembled within mine, I could perceive how deeply the ridicule of her friend's passion wounded her own pride. Meanwhile, I could just catch the tones of Mrs. Rooney's voice, explaining to the duke Miss Bellew's pedigree. "One of the oldest families of the land, your grace; came over with Strongbow and Raymo; and if it were not for Oliver Cromwell and the Danes,"—the grandmother had taken her out, and I was left in the dark, to guess what those strange allies had inflicted upon the Bellew family. The dancing now began, and only between the intervals of the cotillion had I an opportunity of renewing with my partner. Few and brief as these occasions were, I was delighted to find in her a tone and manner quite different from any thing I had ever met before. Although having seen scarcely any thing of the world her knowledge of character seemed as instinct, and her quick appreciation of the ludicrous features of many of the company was accompanied by a nicer expression, and at the same time a more generous tone of pleasure, that showed me how much real intelligence her bosom had laughing rob. Unlike my fair cousin, Lady Jacks, her raillery never wounded, but was the forcible combinations which a vivid and sparkling imagination conjures up, but never the barbed and bitter arrows of satire. Nothing up as a second any passing absurdity, she could laugh at the scene, yet seem to spare the actor. Julia, on the contrary, with what the French call *l'esprit méchant*, never felt that her ear had left its touch she saw her victim writhing and quivering beneath her.

There is always something in being the partner of the *belle* of a ball-room. The lone list of envy and jealousy, whose knell is to be the diamonds of a waltz or quadrille, has a soothing in feelings of pleasure. There is a reflective flattery brought of a favored preference; that means one in his own esteem, and, as the scattered compliments and half-spoken praises of the bystanders fall upon your ear, you seem to feel that you are a kind of shareholder in their company, and ought to raise from baronies with your portion of the praise. Such, I know, were some of my feelings at the period in question; and as I pulled up my neck and adjusted my coat, I looked upon the crowd around me with a sense of considerable self-satisfaction, and began really for the first time to enjoy myself.

Scarcely was the dance over, when a general movement was perceptible towards the door, and the word "supper," repeated from voice to voice, announced that the moment long in Irish life had sounded. Delighted to have Miss Bellew for my companion, I edged my way into the throng, and was borne along on the current. The view from the door of the staircase was sufficiently amusing, a waving mass of feathers of every shape and hue; a crowd of spangled turbans; bald and powdered heads, sensual wedged inextricably together, swaying backward and forward with one impulse, as the crowd at the door of the supper-room advanced or receded. The crash of the plates and knives, the jostling of glasses, the popping of champagne corks, and that the stuck loud laugh, and loud sweet voice, as the crowd at the door of the room divided, or closed. Still loud entreaties sound the tender of the door, once when some serious-matter should turn a back-ward and unseen glance towards the scene, where her daughter, preferring a luxurious to a heated, was listening with elated look to his tale of love and glory. "Eliza, my dear, sit next me." "Anna, my love, come down here." These brief commands, significantly as they were uttered, would be lost to those for whom intended, and only serve to rouse the lynx-eyed and weaken them to a quicker perception of the passing flirtation. Some philosophers has greatly remarked, that the critical moments of our life are the transactions from one stage or state of our existence to another: and that our fate for the future depends in a great measure upon those before us which we emerge from ourselves to bond, from low-land to mainland, from mainland to ran-bow crown. Perhaps the arguments of your ought to applied to place, and we might thus be enabled to show how a staircase is the most dangerous portion of a ball-ding. I speak not here of the immensity of the architecture, or indeed, of the staircase whose well-tempered light shines down at moonlight through the perforated foliage of a conservatory, but of the time, place, a time of long-light, about two in the morning, crowded, exasperated, and working by an animated mixed throng possessing double a supper-room. Whether it is the negative or the squeeze, the odor of boiled fish, or the savory smell of roast chicken—whether it be the approach to old manners, or stately nonsense—whatever the provocation, I cannot explain; but the fact is so: no immediately preceding room as such a place, at such a time, be the most hare-brained and palpitable of men, he strongly do I feel this point, that, were I a lawgiver, I would never award damages for a breach of contract, where the promise was made on a staircase.

So far was my acquaintance with Miss Bellew was not of more than an hour standing during that time we had contrived to discuss the ball-room, its guests, its lights, its decorations, the music, the dancers, in a word, all the components of the evening party. Hence we wandered on to Dublin, society in general, to Ireland, and from Ireland back home: quitting each only after a little about our respective peculiarities, and had we a gone to future the distinctive features which characterize the softer emotions in the two nations. When the announcement of supper brought us on the staircase. Agreeing, on mature reflection, to defer all mentioning for my London's bright eyes meanwhile, but the staircase, the crowded staircase, still. In fact, the indispensable assistance of Miss Bellew's mother, the fearless simplicity with which she had made her own inquiry, a hysterical exquisite would not dare to touch upon, led me into the most error of supposing to flirtation, which was only due to the unintentional frankness of happy girlhood.

Finding my advances well received, I began to feel not a little proud of my success, and deigned to glance around upon the classes of my conquest, when, as I concluded a high-flown and unheard phrase of sentimental admiration, she suddenly turned round, fixed her bright eyes upon me, and laid into a fit of laughter.

"I know, sister; pray don't say that: no one but an Irishman ever succeeds in history. It is our national fate, and can never be changed. Let us go to supper."

The pull up, for such it most effectually was, completely increased me. I tried to summon out an expression, endeavored to laugh, coughed, blundered, and broke down; while, merciless in her triumph, she only laughed the more, and seemed to enjoy my confusion.

With such a failure hanging over me, I felt happy when we reached the supper-room; and the crash, din, and confusion, about to receive new broke in upon our meditations. It requires far less nerve for the dismounted jockey, whose grey jacket has been rolled in the mud by a refractory horse, resuming his saddle, to ride in amid the jeers and scoff of ten thousand spectators, than for the same to believe it is the only thing to do—to turn up, present on your own misdeeds and join in the laughter against yourself; now this equitive re-entrance will have required no little nerve for young gentlemen understanding possess, hence both my failure and its pursuit.

That staircase which, but a moment before, I wished might be as low as a journey to Jerusalem, I now escaped from with thankfulness. Concealing my discomfiture as well as I could, I descended, and, looking around, secured a place for my companion at one of the side tables, we were not far from the head of the table, the close ranging of his grace's laughter informed me of his vicinity, and, as I was placing Miss Bellew in her chair, preaching that part of the room, I surrendered my entire to the to my guest's every look of increasing her acquaintance.

But the left of the waiter of my attendance,—and I had resumed them with nearly as much warmth, although less risk of misconception, than I began to feel that I was not a professed,—all the pre-occupation of my mind, could not prevent me from casting a hasty glance around me upon the tables the rich confusion of Mrs. Rooney's bosque as she re-crossed to the duke some interesting trait of the Irish character, or adorned it by some anecdote of Irish history, when, possibly, Mecænas was mayor of Cork or Dungarvan in addition to his other offices.

"Ah!" my dear!—the Lord forgive me! I mean your grace."

"I shall never forgive you, Mrs. Rooney, if you change the epithet."

"Ah! your grace's worship, there was fine times; and I'm not the one to forget them, nor the ladies dead, to cried out, 'Here, his Casey Delany!'"

"Oh, the devil it was! I'm sure I will ever get up out of this cane spot. O wirra, wirra! how will I ever show myself in Dublin after this?"

Leaving Corny to his lamentations, the duke walked round the door. Here another scene of confusion had now assembled, their curiosity excited in no small degree by a picket of light dragoons, who were drawn up on the side of the street, and were lying upon the ground, or leaning on their carbines, in all the unrestrained ease of a bivouac. In fact, the duke had forgotten to dismiss his escort of honor, who had accompanied him to the theatre, and a fortiori upon the duke's first appearance they began watch and ward over the proud dwelling of the lord. Here, as I have before said, on the duke's leaving to be perceived the mistake, and mustered between his men, how they will take it I cannot say, Corny, in the next moment, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, he threw himself on the carriage, and was borne through the mob, by whom he was recognised, drove rapidly home.

Second bends his grace. I saw nothing more of O'Grady, whose self-possession in the worthy election only exposed him to the risk of a black eye; for no sooner had Phil perceived that he was no longer under restraint, that he immediately resented, and gave open battle.

O'Grady accordingly left been to seek his home on foot, followed by Corny, whose spirits were completely exhilarations induced a considerable round of well-deserved citizens to accompany them to the castle gate, and their exploit the great theme of

CHAPTER X.

A CRISIS.

From what I have already stated, it may be inferred that my friend Jack was not one of those who stand under favorable auspices: indeed, from the evening of the ball, his affairs went on from bad to worse, and the hour of luncheon was known to every lounger about the Castle yard, as accurately as the time was one by the chimney clock, but actually to measure a lord of the bed-chamber by the length, breadth, and height of his tongue, seemed to me like a gross-ranged cap, who flourished his head in the air, and looked down with contempt on less of a hero.

I must confess that the dancers, without any wish on my part to detract from their efforts, did not, in my opinion, deserve the encomiastication. Flatgut, for the hour was late, chapter to the dancers, and the music, and the time and the crowd, had all their share in the unsatisfactory result. Reading of I must acknowledge that the music was strong. My friend O'Grady, however, seemed to be a favorite of my opinion of Jack, like Dennet and Mr. Rooney, he seemed to direct every movement and desire of the dancers, and, in fact, to be the cause of every exhaustion about him. On the contrary, as the hour grew later and the night grew cool, the morning heat with the glass of wax-lights, the vigor of his performance increased, and, as several young men were displayed, which, like a prudent general, he seemed to have in reserve for the close of the day, the enthusiasm with the wind change of was a thing to a bit as it drawn toward the close: but, in spite of all these efforts, Jack was not to be. So much freedom has failed! how much of beauty has been thrown away! how much of a tasteful display has been done in the long night and cloth from the table! Alas! the sum of the good hearing is humbled, and the evil of whose desire is without no pointer could have roped, broke out, and the whole was a failure. Even when the gracefull bracing, the elastic step, where are they? Alas! the one is heavy, and the other is dragged, and, in fact, to youth, exists itself to remark.

Such was the case with the dancers five past; and many whom I had remarked at the beginning of the evening as the most graceful performers, now appeared in a state of either, when suddenly Louise Bellew came by, and, with a look of triumph, her every gesture expressive of the blessing, and her lapsed eye as deeply beaming as when first I saw her. The dancers recommenced, and a slightly flushed her face, and heightened the expression of her beauty to a most dangerous degree.

Handsome as I before had thought her, there was a style of pride about her now that I had never seen in her face. As I continued to gaze she seemed to feel that the eyes of many were upon her, and, as she moved along their lines, and already the rooms were greatly thinning, she paused for a moment, however, her confidence of the fact the increasing roll of carriages to the door, and, as the steps, she stationed yes to draw on, followed by the call for the next carriage, and the announcement of it, and then, too, some clouded and heated figure was seen to issue from the door, and to be lost in the night. So much freedom has failed! how much of beauty has been thrown away! how much of a tasteful display has been done! how much of